

# Vox Fluminis



1932



# VOX FLUMINIS

RIVERBEND  
SCHOOL FOR GIRLS  
WINNIPEG

**FOREWORD**

Vox Fluminis is now three years old; old enough to talk and have a mind and ways of its own.

It is not quite so fat a child as a year ago, but that may easily be explained in these days of economy. Its tongue prattles sturdily. May its voice awaken happy echoes among a growing circle of Riverbenders past and present.



"Riverbend,"  
Spring, 1932.

My dear Girls,

This is the third birthday of "Vox Fluminis," and to it I send my most sincere good wishes for a very successful career and many happy returns of its publishing day. The appropriateness of its name has only been emphasized by time. Once more, (for the third time!) I am writing to you by the side of the river, which has given it to you—a proof if one were needed, of how much it does mingle in our voice as the background of our work and play, both winter and summer.

It would perhaps be a rather far-fetched allegory to compare the work of our magazine itself with that done by a river, and yet in studying the influence which geography has had upon man's history it is always pointed out that rivers serve as connecting highways for the settlements upon their banks. In the same way "Vox Fluminis" gathers within its pages and groups for us the events of the year.

On the whole I think we may say they have been happy, joyous events and of much interesting variety. We have here the record of those things which happen every week—swimming, riding, the Glee Club; those things which take place for ourselves alone—such as the inter-class basketball matches, the concert which the Princess Patricia's Band gave for us, our picnics; and then those great events to which we invite visitors—our Closing, the Christmas concert, the Sports Day. I do think, however, that they have one thing in common—at them all we have enjoyed ourselves. I shall not describe them. You have done so in the pages which are to follow, bringing out their spontaneous pleasure much better than I could do.

The Magazine, and we because of it, owe a very deep debt of gratitude for the work done by the gifted Editor-in-Chief of these three numbers, Miss Mackereth. It is with a real sense of our loss that I tell you, what most of you know already, that next year "Vox Fluminis" will be of necessity in other hands, as Miss Mackereth plans to be married in the summer. I know that you join with me in wishing her every happiness in her new life.

Once more let me bring this letter to a close by extending to you all my most affectionate good wishes. Perhaps you will allow me to mention especially this year's Grade XI., the first matriculation class to have been with us during its whole high school career, and for whom therefore I should like to wish the best of success, both in the immediate and in the more distant future.

To you all equally, however, I sign myself with real meaning,

Yours affectionately,

JOAN M. V. FOSTER,  
Principal.

**THE ROBIN**

A robin red-breast came to-day,  
He perched right on our tree.  
I said, "Oh robin, won't you stay  
Until I have my tea?"

—Helen Margaret Palk, Grade I.

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**PUSSY WILLOWS**

Pussy Willows soft and grey,  
Come in April, go in May,  
When the fuzz falls from the trees  
Then out you shoot your tiny leaves.

—Joan Harris, Grade I.

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**THE BUNNY**

There was a little bunny,  
Who looked so very funny,  
Hopping round and round,  
With his nose to the ground.

He was hunting little roots,  
And tender little shoots,  
For it was his dinner time  
And so this ends my rhyme.

—Joan Francis, Grade I.

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**TRICKS**

Two little acrobats doing some tricks,  
Along came four more,  
Then there were six.

—Rosamond Esling, Grade II.

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**MY ROOM**

My room is a cozy little spot,  
It's never too cold, and it's never too hot.  
My dollies sit and wait for me,  
To bring my little friends to tea  
And spend such happy hours with me.  
And then when they have gone away,  
My books complete a perfect day.

—Winnifred Ruth McIntyre, Grade II.

### WHY I KNOW IT'S SPRING

The buds are on the trees,  
The robins singing,  
The crow is crowing,  
The willows growing,  
Hear them all so soft and low.

—Rosamond Esling, Grade II.

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### PINK NOSE

I have a little white bunny,  
He hops around on his toes.  
I think he's so cute and funny  
When he wiggles his little pink nose.

—Margaret Jean Daly, Grade II.

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### WAG

Once there was a little rabbit  
And he had a little habit  
He was always nibbling lettuce  
Which made him very restless.

—Lorna Aikins, Grade II.

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### MY RABBIT

I saw a little rabbit  
Come hop, hop, hop.  
So I cried, "Little rabbit!  
Will you stop, stop, stop?"  
This little rabbit was eating lettuce green  
It was the cutest rabbit  
That I have ever seen.

—Daphne Harris, Grade I.

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### CORKEY

I have a little doggy  
And his name is Corkey,  
The way he plays with me  
Is quite sporty.

—Lorraine Johannson, Grade II.

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### RIVERBEND

Riverbend is a beautiful place,  
I like the grounds so well.  
And the swing in the schoolyard  
Is nicer than I can tell.

—Helen Rankin, Grade II.

**IN BED**

As I lie in bed  
With a pillow at my head  
I dream of things untold—  
Of pirates brave and bold;  
Of ships that come a sliding  
Into the long harbor riding;  
Of gnomes and fairies pretty;  
Of wizards tall and witty;  
Of bathing children sweet—  
With sand strewn at their feet;  
But best of all my dreams  
Are of canoes and streams.

But when for days I am in bed,  
I cannot dream of pirates red,  
But have to do as doctors order  
Until I cross the healthland border.

—Isobel Hutchison, Grade VIII.

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**THE EASTER BUNNY**

Grade three and four had an egg hunt the day the school closed for the Easter holidays. Easter egg hunts began in Germany many years ago and now this game is played in many other countries.

The children of Germany used to think that when they were good, the Easter Bunny would come to their houses and leave brightly colored eggs hidden in many places. If they had been naughty the bunny passed by their houses.

Our Easter bunny left the eggs in the study room and we had lots of fun finding them.

—Betty Bruce, Grade IV.

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**A STREAM**

Once upon a time a stream was bubbling down a hill. On his way he saw two ferns who were talking in a friendly way. He was very glad. Next he saw two stalks of corn in the field nodding and laughing in the sunshine. He laughed. When he had gone a mile or two farther he met two poplar trees singing with their leaves. He was very happy when he reached the sea that night.

—Mary Harris, Grade IV.

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**CUDDLES**

I have a dog now, two years old,  
A dog who's worth his weight in gold.  
I love him much, I called him Cuddles,  
And when he's out he wades in puddles.

—Winnifred Davidson, Grade VI.



### MY GARDEN

I am going to make a garden  
It's going to be fun.  
'Twill be a good garden  
When I get it done.  
Daddy's going to help me  
To get it in the sun.  
It's going to be lovely,  
When we get it done.

—Joyce Johnston, Grade III.

### A SHORT STORY

It was a hot, suffocating day. The trees and grass (where there was grass) did not move or sway because there was not a suggestion of a breeze. To the north of Swab's Down there were miles of prairie, the same to the east and west but to the south there was a small forest of trees and flowers, a wonderful refuge on such a hot day.

On the south side there was a slight rustling sound and then, emerging from the coolness of the background a big shaggy bear stepped forth. He was a big black bear—a huge monster; true to his color, his name was "Black." Not "Blackie" but just straightforward "Black."

Black walked towards a dusty mound, mumbling away down in his throat. He lay himself down; he turned on his back and then as if very pleased with himself, he broke into a great roar.

He twisted this way and that, mumbling again to himself. Feeling better for his "Dust Bath" Black got up, shook himself and walked over



to a big oak tree. He climbed the tree and finding for himself a shady spot, he settled down for a nice comfortable sleep.

He did not, however, sleep long because on opening one eye, he spied a brown bear (an ugly brown bear, Black thought,) playing in *his* dust mound!

"The very idea," Black sputtered—it was—it was—preposterous. Black got up and slyly crept down the tree. He walked over to where the brown bear was still rolling around, and then he roared at the top of his voice. "Get up," he seemed to say, "and fight like a man and see whom this mound belongs to."

The brown bear got up (goodness! he was big) and together they fought, one for the joy of it, and the other because he wanted the mound. Black wanting the mound, fought hard—and won. Feeling all hot and flurried he walked back to the oak tree and climbed up; for the first time he noticed the day was hot, almost unbearable. Black lay down; ah, that was much better. What was better than a hot, sunshiny day, a nice shady spot and lots of time for a comfortable, snoozy sleep?

—Eleanor Tucker, Grade IX.

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### SONG OF THE ROAD

It was a bright and smiling day,  
As I tramped upon my way,  
Sunbeams dancing here and there,  
Sweet birds singing everywhere,  
Beetles dancing in the sun,  
Butterflies are having fun.  
The road is long and dusty white  
Mr. Sun is glowing bright,  
Sky above is deepest blue  
I love this kind of day don't you?

—Julia Dale, Grade V.

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### THE ESCAPE

We were feeling slightly frisky  
And sought for something risky  
To amuse us, for a portion of our day;  
We thereupon bethought us  
Of a place to which they taught us  
Our wayward feet must never find a way.

Off we started to the third floor,  
Our goal was the infirmary door,  
Alas! the creaking stairway spelled our doom!  
Someone heard us running.  
In turn, we heard them coming  
Up the stairway toward the fatal room!

"That's Miss Foster," did we bet,  
"To the window we must get,  
Down the fire-escape to safety we can flee!"  
To the window did we dash  
Opened up the treacherous sash  
While the speeding foot-steps neared us  
mercilessly.

Out the window Peggy leaped  
While the gods their pleasure reaped  
As Carla caught her foot in some contraption.  
There she stuck astride the sill!  
Her position boded ill.  
For both, howe'er, excitement held attraction.

Miss Foster, it was she,  
Op'ed the door, our plight to see,  
Stopping dead and crying out in agitation,  
To the window did she run,  
And clutched the unfortunate one  
By the leg, while Peggy watched in desperation.

Then she too, began to pull  
Till Carla's shouts were plentiful,  
Crying loud and long for sympathy from Peg:  
But her cries were all unheeded,  
In the distance they receded.  
And they still pull it, as we are pulling your leg!  
—Peggy Carlisle and Carla Lehmann, Grade X.

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### **A SICK CHILD'S FANCY**

Come, pretty marbles, let us play  
That you are fairies on a bright summer day,  
Grouped here and there on my soft, white spread.  
Bringing a make-believe scene to my bed.  
Some will come in yellow frocks, some  
will come in blues,  
Some will come in pink, and other lovely hues.

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Look! there is a red one, he shall be king,  
And sit in the midst of the fairy ring;  
And by his side, a queen shall reign,  
Dressed in white, with a long, soft, train.  
And round them shall gather one by one,  
The fairies who sing and dance in the sun.

—Katherine Hall, Grade VIII.

### BE YOURSELF

Is it always wise? If you are the shrinking violet type, is it best to be yourself and soon find yourself on the outside, looking in on all the fun? Or should you brace yourself up and talk and dance like other normal people and forget the part of you which says, "There is a very interesting book on the table over there. I think I'll just go off in a corner and read for a while."

Plenty of people who have a tendency to be shy have put on a conceited air which is rather pathetic; a ridiculous giggle is perhaps worse. Being yourself is all very well but what about the people who never would be seen at all if such advice were taken?

On the other hand, is there anything worse than a tomboy trying to be dignified? Did you ever see anything funnier than a girl who has turned down a basket ball game to go to a tea given by a dear friend of mother's who will be offended if she doesn't appear? She will probably have a very uncomfortable look on her face and one idea in her head—to get out. First she will spill her tea, then drop a sandwich, jump when she is spoken to, and make altogether the wrong reply when answering. In this case if only the unfortunate individual would be herself.

As the girl who is neither a violet nor a tomboy usually has the sense to be herself with success there are no points to argue.

This is the decision I have made in such cases; the shy must buck up and be sociable and have some fun occasionally; the extreme opposite must quieten down a little, but not too much.

Greater psychologists than I have said "be natural at all cost;" but I maintain that there are exceptions to every rule.

—Janet Turnbull, Grade IX.

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### HOLIDAYS

Holidays! Holidays! they have begun!  
Out in the garden to play in the sun.  
Down by the lake and the favorite holes;  
Out with the guns to shoot squirrels and moles.  
Away in the forests, with flowers and trees,  
Down in the gulleys with the birds and the bees,  
Down by the rocks and the babbling brooks,  
Under the oaks, in our private nooks.  
Holidays! Holidays! they have begun!  
Out in the garden to play in the sun.

—Shirley Johnston, Grade VII.

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### FIRELIGHT

In the cottage, when the lamps are all turned out, I watch the wall and see the figures that the firelight makes. There are shapes and forms, which remind me of the wonderful times I have had and the glorious times, which are to come. As I sit by the firelight, I see a shadow the shape of an aero-

plane. Immediately I think that I am gliding through the air. I go so high, that it seems as if I could put out my hand and pick up a star. And as the shadows change, my thoughts change.

When you are sitting silently in the firelight you think of things, which you can never think of in the daytime, because the light seems so bright and the noises so loud, that they confuse the mind. But sitting quietly in the firelight, you can dream dreams and think of all the things, which have been, and which are going to be.

—Mary McLean, Grade VIII.

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### STUDY HOUR THOUGHTS

I know the bell will ring, but when?  
The noisy scratch of someone's pen.  
Somebody's crushing paper again;  
See that fly on the window pane?

Those boards should be washed tonight,  
Doesn't the sun seem awfully bright,  
Everyone's studious this afternoon,  
I hope the bell is going soon.

In a stocking I spy a hole,  
I see some hands as black as coal,  
How these minutes do drag along,  
The bell is going, Oh cheers, it's gone!

—Margaret Aldous, Grade VIII.

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### MARIE FAIT DES EMPLETTES

Samedi matin Marie et sa mère sont allées faire des emplettes à La Samaritaine.

Elles entrent au rez-de-chaussée et elles prennent l' ascenseur jusqu' au deuxième étage où Marie achète une robe, un chapeau et des souliers.

Elle essaie beaucoup de robes, des noires, des vertes, des rouges, des bleues et des jaunes; les unes sont de soie et les autres sont de laine de crêpe. Elle se décide à prendre une robe jaune et brune. C'est une très, très jolie robe et Marie et sa mère aiment la robe beaucoup.

Après que la vendeuse apporte la robe elles vont au rayon de chapeaux, et ici Marie achète un chapeau brun avec une petite plume jaune qui est aussi très jolie.

Ensuite Marie et sa mère vont au rayon de souliers et Marie achète de jolis souliers bruns.

La mère de Marie achète aussi des articles pour elle et elles vont toutes deux à la maison contentes de leurs emplettes, Marie surtout.

—Marnie Austin, Grade IX.



### FORECASTS FOR 1932

Tomorrow is another day,  
I sincerely hope that wheat will pay,  
    If it rusts  
    Russia busts;  
As any business man will say.

In Manchuria things are rotten.  
In the South, the price of cotton  
    Is so low  
    That we never know  
When its going to reach the bottom.

By and by in the year '32,  
The world will cease from being blue.  
    Men will sow,  
    Crops will grow,  
The universe will start anew.

—Mary Walston, Grade XI.

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### FAR AWAY HE FLEW

I had a little birdie  
He was a pretty blue,  
One day he took a notion  
And far away he flew.

Away over the prairie  
Where it was very airy,  
Away over the sea  
Away over the lea.

Then my little birdie  
Did some berries pick,  
And if I have to be exact  
He got a little sick.

Away up in the tree-tops  
My pretty bird I see  
I call him very sweetly  
And he then flies back to me.

And now my little birdie  
Is quite content with me,  
I do not put him in a cage  
For there he should not be.

—Dossie MacLean, Grade VII.

### L'IRLANDE

J'aimerais aller en Irlande. Les gens de ce pays sont les plus intéressants du monde. Ils sont aimables et leurs maisons sont ouvertes à tout le monde.

La plus belle vue en Irlande est sur la route par les collines à Glendalough. Entre les collines on trouve les jolis petits lacs et dans le soir les collines deviennent bleues. Après avoir passé plusieurs semaines ici, je reviendrais à Dublin où je passerais le reste de mes vacances. Ici je visiterais les jardins zoologiques, il est très amusant de voir les animaux, et comme vous le savez Dublin est très connu pour ses lions. Le "zoo" à Dublin s'est ouvert en 1831.

Avant de partir d'Irlande j'irais à Cork. C'est ici où on entend les belles cloches de Shandon et j'embrasserais la pierre de Blarney. Après avoir fait ce dernier, je serais toute contente de retourner à Winnipeg.

—Shelagh Cooney, Grade XI.

### A MISTY DAY

The earth is covered over  
With a blanket of silvery grey;  
The ships at sea look ghostlike.  
For a mist has come up from the bay.

The mist lies over the mountains,  
And lies there all the day;  
The wood is just a dark shadow,  
For a mist has come up from the bay.

The air is heavy with moisture  
Which dews the grass and the hay;  
And everything's quiet and peaceful,  
For a mist has come up from the bay.

—Sally Coyne, Grade XI.



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### UN VOYAGE AU CANADA

Si je faisais un long voyage, j'irais au Canada. J'irais seul et je prendrais très peu d'argent parce que quand j'arriverais au Canada je travaillerais. Puisque je suis un garçon anglais, j'ai entendu dire que le Canada est un pays de promesse où les gens peuvent trouver quelque chose à faire. Tous les garçons anglais veulent voyager. Faire un long voyage peut-être à travers la mer est leur plus grande désir.

En descendant la grande rivière St. Laurent je passerais la ville historique de Québec et puis je ferais voile pour Montréal, une ville aussi très intéressante où je quitterais le navire.

Puis je voyagerais de ville en ville, travaillant pour gagner ma vie en route. Je verrais beaucoup de choses intéressantes et nouvelles, telles que de grands lacs, des prairies, des oiseaux étranges et des montagnes.

La neige en hiver serait ce que j'aimerais le plus. Je m'amuserais à skier et patiner. J'aimerais l'été aussi parce que je ferais l'ascension des montagnes.

Je verrais tout avant de partir et quand je serais rentré à la maison j'aurais des souvenirs agréables du Canada.

—Isabel Scott.

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### THE JOYS OF COLOUR

The wonder of colour, the red Autumn leaves.  
The white winter cover for bare shameful trees,  
The fresh spring alive with birds, flowers and bees,  
The blue summer sky—colour makes these.

All the deep life of colour, the wonderful blue  
The crystal-like green o'er a pool sheds its hue;  
The rainbow is mirrored in each drop of dew  
And in butterflies, June-bugs, colour's there too.

—Mary Bull, Grade XI.

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### THE STORY OF A QUEER MAN

The man who lives across from us,  
Has a very funny face;  
His eyes, and ears, and nose, and mouth,  
Are extremely out of place;  
His hair is like a wash-rag,  
His body's like a box,  
His yellow coat and trousers sag,  
As do his ties and socks.  
And if you saw this funny man,  
Walking down a country lane,  
You would notice he would walk,  
With a bamboo stick or cane.  
At six a.m. he rises,



And wanders round the streets.  
At 8 p.m. he's seen again,  
Coming home to eat and sleep.  
Now you've heard the story,  
Of this funny little man.  
Who in a crooked house,  
His crooked life began.  
And if you like his life,  
You can go and live with him.  
But I would rather go to school,  
And play and skate and swim.

—Betty Ray Parton, Grade X.

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### WINTER AND SPRING

I like the summer and I like the fall  
But I think I like winter best of all,  
There are such a lot of things to play  
It keeps you happy all the day;  
The wind oft 'round you bitterly blows,  
But you are all wrapped in warm woolly clothes.  
So there's only your nose for Jack Frost to bite  
And turn it from red to white.  
Although I don't like the summer to go  
I'm always glad to see the snow.

The birds are joyful and chatter away  
Or among the branches sing their song.  
Everything is happy and expectantly gay  
Waiting for Spring who has slept so long.

Nearly all the snow has melted at last,  
Leaving large puddles to tell the story—  
But we don't like puddles because when cars go past  
They splash us and dash on without being sorry.

In the wood and by the way,  
The pussy-willow pushes its saucy head,  
And opens farther and farther each day,  
Calling to Spring to get out of bed.

The crows and seagulls fly through the sky  
Swooping on to the horizon blue,  
Asking the Spring why she's so shy—  
Why doesn't she say, "Winter, goodbye to you."

—Betty Mackay, Grade VIII.

**PIRATES**

We are pirates rich and bold,  
We often seek for treasures of gold,  
Our ship is laden now and then,  
It also carries many men.

Our costumes are blues, yellows, and greens,  
They are all alike, always it seems,  
Many people look at the man  
Who wears the hat, with a clue-clutch-clan.

We have sailed many years,  
And have had many fears  
But pirate life is best for us,  
We do as we please, without a fuss.

—Barbara Plews, Grade VIII.



### OUR OLD FLAG

Do you remember our old blue and white school flag that used to wave where our new building now stands? If it were to talk I wonder what it would say. Perhaps it might tell us this:

"When I look down I am able to see for miles around me. I see some lovely things and others that are poor and pitiful. I watch the same people coming the same way at the same time every day. In winter I see many cars skid and when at dangerous corners I see accidents where people hurt or kill themselves. In the afternoons I look below me and watch the girls of Riverbend School to which I belong.

"In the fall, I watch the girls coming back to school from their holidays and playing out on the lawn. They practise baseball, high-jumping, broad-jumping, racing and other games. While they all study hard in the morning I peek through the windows of Riverbend or watch the other people. Then comes Field Day. I'm sure I get just as much fun out of it, watching the different classes compete, as any of the competitors or spectators.

"Then the cold winds blow and I'm almost sure that I will be blown off my high and interesting vantage point. Then the river begins to harden and the snow begins to fall, and when the girls come out to play they are all bundled up in fur coats and over clothes. They play very different games from those in the fall. Skiing, tobogganing, skating and playing in the snow, are their chief occupations during the afternoons. Then soon the ice on the river melts and the snow begins to vanish, and when the grass is as dry as before the winter the girls leaving off their heavier clothes come out and begin playing as in the fall.

"When June comes there is a great reception out on the lawn and the girls are clad in white. There are festivities galore, and I grow sad because I know they will now gather up their books and go home.

"This is almost the saddest day of the year for me, because I know for three long months I will not see them nor their gay play hour. Though I lift my head up and gaze all over the city watching other little girls playing hop scotch or older people playing tennis on the corner courts, I am never as happy as when I am watching the girls of Riverbend School."

—Gwen Ramsay, Grade VII.

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### THE PUSSY WILLOWS

Pretty Pussy Willows  
Budding on the trees,  
Wrapped in little furry coats  
To shield you from the breeze.

Pretty Pussy Willows  
Do not go so soon,  
Stay with us please,  
Just another noon.

—Marguerite McDonald, Grade III.





### THE CROCUS

Pretty little crocus  
Peeping through the ground,  
Waiting in your purple dress,  
Until you should be found.

—Gloria Brown, Grade III.

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### SPRING

Spring time is here again,  
The sky is blue and clear again,  
Streams are flowing,  
Flowers are growing,  
Helped by the April rain.

—Margaret Stovel, Grade III.

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### A WALK IN OCTOBER WOODS

On taking a walk through the Autumn woods on a crisp, clear, October day, what a change I find from the summer time. The bright green leaves have turned to yellow and brown with here and there a touch of crimson showing through.

Most of the birds have gone south, only the sparrows, wrens, crows, and the chattering bluejay remain. From above comes the clang of wild geese on their southward way.

The chattering squirrels are very busy storing up their nuts, enough to last them through the long cold winter. On my last walk I came upon a tree with a large hollow in it. Looking inside I saw a great number of nuts, obviously some squirrels' winter supply.

Then I heard a loud chattering; looking up I beheld the owner of those nuts chattering away, and giving me a piece of his mind about disturbing other people's private property. I laughed and threw an acorn at him and walked away.

As I went farther, I came to a pond, which now looked cold and grey. In the summer time I used to sit in my window listening to the songs of these frogs, who are now buried in the mud at the bottom of this pond.

I walked on; now and then a squirrel or chipmunk darted across my path. This was the first walk I had taken along my favorite little path since the summer time; it was then I began to realize that winter was near, and it was high time I was putting up the bird houses and repairing them so that they would be strong enough to last through the strong winter winds.

—Gladys Cotterell, Grade VII.

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### THE TRAGIC TALE OF SIR TINTSEL

I wonder if you've e'er been told  
The story of Sir Tintsel bold  
Who wooed a lady sweet and fair,  
With dark brown eyes and golden hair.

Her father was a stern old sire,  
Refused Sir Tintsel his heart's desire;  
Because he hadn't any gold,  
He turned Sir Tintsel right down cold.

Alas, for this poor beauteous maid,  
Her father she could not persuade,  
And with her heart just filled with woe,  
Then to her mother she did go.

Her mother said, "I wouldn't cry,  
Nor weep, nor wail, nor sob, nor sigh,  
For what your father said 'tis true,  
Sir Tintsel is no man for you."

Sir Tintsel said, "A trip I'll take,  
For there is money I must make,  
Or else my love, I ne'er shall marry.  
I'm off! I have no time to tarry."

Then on a ship upon its prow,  
Sir Tintsel made a fearful vow,  
"I hope I am no coward small  
I'll win or not come back at all."

He sailed unto a far off shore,  
And found upon it gold, galore,  
But reaching home with treasures great,  
He found he'd got there just too late.

His love another man had wed,  
"Alas," was all Sir Tintsel said,  
Then from his coat he took a rope,  
And tied it tight around his throat.

Then going to a nearby pine,  
About a bough the rope did twine,  
By hanging there and being brave,  
Next day they put him in his grave.

—Susan Thomas, Grade IX.

### FALLING LEAVES

When Autumn comes around,  
The leaves start falling to the ground,  
They're green and yellow and red,  
They make a pretty bed!

I like to watch the leaves  
Floating silently down,  
I'd like to gather them together  
And make a wreathy crown.

Then when the snow begins to fall  
 Soon we can't see leaves at all,  
 Just snow, snow, snow,  
 Wherever we go.

I like Autumn best of all the year;  
 It seems so brisk and fresh and clear.  
 The leaves as I've said twice before  
 Are beautiful. Don't you think they are?

—Betty Rose Eager, Grade IX.

### THE RILL

Down in our meadow  
 There's a merry little rill.  
 It sings to me laughingly,  
 Daringly, "Follow Me"—  
 And some day I will.

It never stops to tell me much,  
 But, as it runs, it trills  
 To me, happily, expectantly,  
 "Follow Me—Come and See"—  
 And some day I will.

It's going to some exciting place,  
 I know by the thrill  
 Of its voice when it sings to me,  
 Joyously, "Follow Me"—  
 And some day I will.

—Carla Lehmann.

### A STUDY

The ship I made was like a crude boat of the olden days. But to my surprise it sailed down the stream as easily as a duck and it shone in the sun like some distinguished deed a great man had done, making the others seem small.

—Grace McCurdy, Grade IX.

### "NEVER GIVE UP"

There were two frogs named Slim and Lean,  
 One day they fell into some cream.  
 They swam until it began to seem  
 They were to drown in a pot of cream.

"I can not keep it up," said Slim,  
 "Three hundred times I've swum this tin,  
 And every time that I begin  
 The cream nigh drowns me round the chin."

"We must not stop." said hero Lean,  
 "Or else you will be drowned in cream,  
 You must not weaken, there is a way,  
 And we will find it ere close of day."

And so frog Lean persuaded Slim,  
 But all the air was out of him.  
 And to the bottom with a plunk,  
 The froggy Slim, caved in and sunk.

But Mr. Lean continued on,  
 Until at last the cream was gone,  
 And there instead of creamy splutter,  
 He sat upon a cake of butter.

—Elspheth Wilson, Grade IX.

## BANNOCKBURN

### CHARACTERS

*Robert the Bruce*—King of Scotland.

*Edward I.*—King of England.

*Gilbert Hambleton*—Earl of Montgomery.

*Lord Monteith*—Betrayed of William Wallace.

*Lord Ruthven.*

*Lord Bothwell.*

*Lady Helen*—Wife of William Wallace.

*Lady Isabella*—Sister of Helen and betrothed of Robert the Bruce.

ACT I. Scene 1.—Bruce's Tent.

*Time*—Night before the Battle.

(*Bruce is seated musing.*)

*Bruce*: "Tomorrow Scotland shall be free or I will not rest with those who have died for her freedom. The noblest, brave Wallace might have been here to share the glory but for that base and perfidious Monteith who betrayed him. Who goes there?" (A slight commotion outside the tent. A soldier enters accompanied by a knight.)

*Bruce*: "What! Montgomery? What brings you here?"

*Montgomery* (dropping on his knee): "Receive a subject as well as a friend, victorious prince! I have forsworn the vassalage of the Plantagenets and thus, without title or land, with only a faithful heart, Gilbert Hambleton comes to vow himself yours and Scotland's forever."

*Bruce* (raising him from the ground): "Welcome, my faithful Montgomery."

*The Earl*: Montgomery no more. I have thrown the insignia of my earldom at the feet of the unjust Edward, and yet I come not without a treasure, for the sacred corpse of William Wallace is now in my bark and I am now at your feet, brave and just king, no longer Montgomery but a true Scot in heart and loyalty."



*Bruce*: "And as a kinsman I receive you. (sound of trumpets) Come, we must haste to the Council tent."

Scene 2.—Council Tent.

(*Bruce surrounded by his barons.*)

*Lord Ruthven*: "Edward has forced a rapid march through the lowlands and is now within a few hours' march of Stirling."

*Bruce*: "Let him come, my brave barons, and he shall find that Bannockburn shall pay with Cambus-Kenneth! All our plans have been carefully made to reserve our strength and Drummond's pits and pikes I have no doubt will give good account of the strategy employed. Lords, with Wallace's sacred corpse in our midst we cannot fail. He who deserts it murders William Wallace anew! To your posts my brave barons."

Scene 3.—Battlefield in distance.

(*Enters Monteith.*)

*Monteith* (greatly agitated): "I must haste quickly. This battle is all but lost and as Wallace's betrayer I can hope for no quarter."

(*Enters Lord Bothwell with drawn sword.*)

*Lord Bothwell*: "Friend of the most damned treason, vengeance is come! (Fights Monteith and kills him.) So perish the murderers of William Wallace."

(*Enters Lord Douglas.*)

*Douglas*: "Quick, Bothwell, the Southerons are in full retreat and we must cut them off ere they reach the border."



BASKETBALL

## ACT II.

*Time*—One day later. Chapel of Cambus-Kenneth.

*(Enter the venerable Abbot of Inchaffray, the Bishop of Dunkeld, and others carrying the bier of Wallace.)*

*(Enter Helen, very frail, and assisted by Isabella.)*

*Isabella*: "Have courage, dear sister."

*Helen* (In a whispered voice): "I fear nought. My spirit will soon be with my dear Wallace."

*The Bishop* (aside to the Abbot): "'Tis a strange ceremony, my friend, that we must enact. Have you endeavoured to dissuade the Lady Helen?"

*The Abbot*: "Nay, brother, for while she may seem distraught to you, she has a very clear and fixed conviction that the Bruce and her sister Isabella must be married over the bier of the noble Wallace, and methinks it ill to cross Heaven's purpose."

*The Bishop* (hurriedly crossing himself): Amen, Amen.

*(Enters Bruce in his kingly robes, of sad but stately mien. Steps forward, takes Helen's hand, kneels and kisses it.)*

*Bruce*: "Fair Helen, would that Wallace were here this day to see the consummation of his efforts."

*Helen*: "Brave and noble Bruce, he doth see them."

*(The wedding ceremony begins and ends.)*

*Helen* (holding her trembling hands over the royal pair): "Be you blest in all things as Wallace would have blest you!" *(Bruce and Isabella are visibly much affected.)*

*The Abbot*: (laying his hand upon the iron box at the foot of Wallace's bier): "Before the sacred remains of the once champion of Scotland, and in the presence of his royal successor, let this mysterious coffer of St. Fillian's be opened, to reward the deliverer of Scotland according to its intent."

*(Bruce unclasps the lock and discovers the regalia of Scotland.)*

*Bruce* (greatly agitated): "Thus did this truest of human beings protect my rights even while the people whom he had saved, knelt to him to wear them all."

*The Bishop of Dunkeld* (taking the diadem from its coffer and setting it upon Bruce's head.): "And thus Wallace crowns thee!"

—Mary Rait, Grade IX.

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TO A MOUSE

There was a mouse lived on a hill,  
And no one knows if he lives there still.  
He had a family of large and small  
Some could walk and some but crawl.  
His wife, a large and portly mouse,  
Could do nought else but keep the house.

The children, hence, were slightly wild  
 And quite different from their parents mild.  
 One day there came a mighty flood,  
 Which covered all with a coat of mud;  
 The mud was brown and dark to see  
 And stretched over all from tree to tree.  
 "Alack and alas for my children three!  
 For they were all that was dear to me!"  
 Cried the mouse, when his children failed  
     to appear.  
 And nothing was heard of them for many a year.  
 It seems the three had left one day  
 With a farmer and his load of hay.  
 As those that were lost were his favorite sons,  
 He could not bear the other ones.  
 So one by one they disappeared.  
 And when of children the house was cleared,  
 He killed his wife and burned his house—  
 And up to date that's all of the mouse!

—Betty Neal, Grade X.

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### "TIMMY"

Timmy was a mouse. A common ordinary, buff-colored mouse. He was a clever mouse, though, for hadn't he missed the Jones trap when all his sisters and brothers and even his mother and father had been caught? Yes, he was clever!

One day (which is our night) he decided to go to the Jones larder and seek for some cheese. It was early, about nine-thirty, but rather dark. Surely that old cat, Mary, had gone to sleep. He sneaked out of his hole and looked around for Mary, "Just to be sure," he said, then dashed for the radiator. It was such an exciting trip to the larder! He scuttled across from the radiator to the big dishpan. He could hide conveniently behind that for a moment to make sure all was clear for his next mad dash.

Ha! here comes Mary! "I've sighted her first." Again the dash back to the radiator. "Will she never go? Oh! she's settling down for a sleep; her tail's not twitching now—do I dare?" He dashed for the pan rack. Bang! Crash!

"Mary's awake! There are those horrible Jones! Aha! Mary was blamed for the pans falling and they've put her outside."

They didn't suspect the tiny mouse. "Now my journey will be easier."

Back to the pan, across the floor, and into that open crack! "Aha! here's a trap! I'll just take the cheese and then sneak off!" Clang! "Ho! Ho! I've cheated them that time and had a feast as well! Now I'll go home."

"Oh! What's that large creature? Will he hurt me? Can I go back? Is it safe?—He's going—no—yes—he's gone."

Across to the pan he dashed and just as he got there he heard Mary pad-padding along behind him. This was no time to stop; his only chance was to run for his hole—run—run, as never before. Faster and faster he ran!

“Ah! safe! I fooled you that time, Mary! But I do wish I knew what that large creature was, and whether or not to be afraid of him. I may find out later. My! but it’s good to be alive.”

—Helen Leonard, Grade X.

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### TO A STAR

O star,  
You shine so bright,  
So long  
All through the night  
So high,  
So far away—  
So small  
A twinkling ray.

So soon  
With paling hue  
You fade  
At morning  
Into the blue.

And then  
When nightfall comes  
Your light  
To earth you send.

—Hope Rutherford, Grade VIII.

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### REX AND HIS MASTER

Rex is a big police dog. He lived up north with his master, where they used to go exploring together, across lakes, tramping through forests and over prairies. It is very cold there in the winter but Rex and his master didn’t mind; they liked it.

The two lived alone together in a little hut, where they would start from early in the morning and go back at night when it was dark.

Rex’s master worked for a company in Winnipeg exploring lakes, and rivers. At this time he was looking for a good spot for a town, where there was a river near for navigation. It was getting towards spring and the ice on the rivers was beginning to break.

The two set out early one morning; Rex frolicking around his master looking quite pleased. Rex knew that he had found the spot for the town. They were nearly there when they came to a river which they had forgotten was open. They walked along the bank for a while when they saw a spot which was still ice. Rex went across first reaching safety; then his master started. When nearly across, the ice cracked and he went under.

Rex immediately jumped in after him. He worked many minutes before he got him out, but in the end he did. The two dripping figures went back to the hut.

This did not stop them from trying again. Two days after they set out again with tools so that when they came to the river they made a raft. After making it they went to the selected spot. The man felt pleased, and decided it was a good spot.

A letter was written to the company, and men came out to see the ground.

They liked the spot very much and thanked him, but he said if it had not been for Rex he could not have done his work because Rex had saved him from drowning.

The two pals did not go back with the men but helped to build the town and stayed there happily together.

—Marian McCurdy, Grade VIII.

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### A SHIP FROM SPAIN

The sea was hushed and silent,  
The wind that had been so violent  
Calmed down to a breathless hush.  
Sir George, he paced the lawn,  
He looked to the sky where the  
    sun had shone,  
And he cried, "'Twill come with a rush."

At last the rain came pouring down,  
Down on the meadows, down on the town  
Of St. Mary's not far from the sea,  
Where the ship Sir George wanted  
Lay waiting, waiting,  
Waiting for the wind off the lea.

It carried silver, it carried gold,  
For that night at St. Mary's it was  
    to be sold,  
Sir George, he wanted the gold that  
    was there,  
To get for his King and Her Majesty fair.  
The sea was so rough, and the wind  
    so strong,  
That the ship, she went down before  
    very long,  
The gold and the silver was gone,  
    all gone,  
Down to the bottom of the sea.

—Eleanor Tucker, Grade IX.





GRADE XI.

Top Row—Grace Sellers, Margaret Henry, Sally Coyne, Muriel Beth Gourley.

Second Row—Charlotte Purdy, Isobel Scott, Audrey Ross, Gloria Stuart.

Third Row—Mary Bull, Mary Walston, Shelagh Cooney, Jane Nicholls.

Fourth Row—Mary Elizabeth McIntyre, Dorothy Creelman, Dorothy Young.

### **JUNE, A HORSE**

Eyes, full of life, begging to go ;  
Ears, pricked forward, asking to know  
A dainty head that tosses so—  
O, June.

Slender legs, with muscles of steel,  
Dancing feet, that are never still,  
And a back that is lythe and straight to feel :  
O, June.

Nostrils quivering with eagerness ;  
Spirit alive with joyousness—  
Your heart proclaims its dauntlessness,  
My June!

—Carla Lehmann, Grade X.

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### **THE DIFFICULTY OF BEING HONEST**

John Hawthorne was a nice young man. He was twenty and had lovely curly dark hair and a delicately curled little moustache. He was handsome, wore his clothes well, and was very pleasant. But he had one fault—he was too frank and tactless.

Now there is such a thing as telling the truth discriminately, but John had been brought up in a strict household where he had been taught to tell the truth invariably, no matter how it hurt people's feelings. His family believed always in pointing out each other's faults without any allowance. It was a strange code for a young boy to learn and consequently when he was sent out into the world, people considered him cold because he never said a word of praise to anyone.

John had travelled far from a home he disliked, but he had carried with him his one fault—that of being too frank.

He had met in the great city he chose to dwell in, a lovely young girl of about eighteen, whom he had immediately fallen in love with, Miss Amelia Watkins.

He managed to get himself an invitation to Miss Amelia's home on a certain evening to attend a concert in which she herself was to perform. That evening he dressed carefully, sprayed a perfume on his suit and put a lovely flower in his buttonhole. Then he put on his hat, gave a final twitch to his moustache, took up his cane, and walked out of his room and down to the street.

Some horses stopped in front of him in answer to his hail and he stepped into the carriage with a grand air.

He arrived at Miss Amelia's very pompously, with a bouquet of flowers for the girl he adored.

Miss Amelia flitted around like some gay butterfly in her swishing pink silk dress with huge bows pinned all over it. Her hair was piled high over her classic features.

John gazed at her in a trance. There was nothing wrong with this gorgeous vision, he thought as he presented the bouquet to her.

Alas! for poor John!

He was perfectly satisfied with Miss Amelia herself but when she presented him to her mother he felt a twinge of disappointment. Mrs. Watkins was short and rotund, her jolly face peeped out from masses of snow-white hair. Not the stately mother he had pictured.

"Why, why," gasped John, "I'm very glad to meet you, I'm sure. But I hardly thought you could be the mother of so charming a girl."

Ah! fatal words! Miss Amelia grew pale and clutched her throat. Mrs. Watkins looked serious and grim.

John took Miss Amelia's arm and walked away. They sat down on a couch and John started talking.

"You look lovely tonight, Miss Watkins, if I may say so."

She looked coldly at him over the edge of her fan. She was rankled, but she was too polite. She said nothing.

After a long time John broke the ice. She became more charming and John became more fascinated with her every minute.

Then he saw something.

"You know, Miss Watkins, you'd look much nicer if you didn't wear that bracelet," he said.

She gave a start, then rose up swiftly and left him.

The concert began. It was very charming and John was pleased as he listened to it. Then came the number he waited for. Miss Amelia was going to sing.

She tripped daintily out to the middle of the floor beside the piano and curtseyed. There was great applause. And the music began—

"Oh Sol Mio——" she sang.

John stared. Her voice was harsh, quite unlike the melodious speaking voice he had heard.

It seemed that for ages John endured that frightful rasping. At last he could bear it no longer.

"Stop! Stop!" he cried, jumping to his feet, "you're killing me!"

Miss Amelia looked at him and suddenly burst into tears. John realized what he'd done. He couldn't think what was wrong but he hurried from the house abashed and spent many hours afterwards learning polite manners.

It was no use however, Miss Amelia would have none of him and at last he gave up in despair.

Standing on the parapet of a bridge, he made his last cry to the world.

"Farewell, oh world, I have learned how hard it is to be honest and at the same time polite."

And with that he plunged into the raging torrent below and was never heard of more.

—Betty Ray Parton, Grade X.



### A COLD SNAP

The weather had been unexpectedly warm considering it was February, most of the snow had melted and people splashed helter-skelter like mad March hares, escaped a month too soon. But it was too good to last, for one morning we awoke and found everything in sheets of gleaming ice.

Out came fur coats and woollen mittens again, and people began to creep and slide shiveringly about like hunted refugees, under cover of huge fur collars and felt hats.

—Margaret Anderson, Grade IX.

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### A NEW FAMILY

As I turned over in bed one morning I said to myself, "Ah, Saturday; a chance to sleep in." Just then I heard the maid call something, and, being half asleep, I did not know what she had said. Then all of a sudden I bounced out of bed and cried, "Did she say puppies?"

"Yes, she did," they called back.

We all ran downstairs to the basement and here, by Dot, the mother dog, were eight of the sweetest, silkiest, little puppies anyone ever laid eyes on. They had little pink noses and little pink feet. Their faces were like a round ball with their eyes not yet opened.

We spent most of Saturday and Sunday with the puppies one of whom died Saturday. Already we can see that they have grown.

To-day, Monday, when we came home from school we cut their tails off, at least half off. It did not seem to hurt them very much and they soon lay down and forgot all about it. We are planning to keep one male pup who as yet is still nameless.

—Marnie Austin, Grade IX.

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### UNSERE SCHULE

Unsere schule liegt am Armstrong's Point. Sie besteht aus drei Gebäuden. Sie hat elf Klassen, und hunderteinunddreissig Schülerinnen. Wir sind in Klasse elf jetzt. Unsere schule hat eine Hauptlehrerin, Fräulein Foster. Wir lernen französisch und deutsch, und auch latein. Wir treiben viel Sport in unserer schule: Fussball, Handball, Tennis, Turnen, Schlittschuhlaufen, Schneeschuhlaufen, und Schwimmen. Ich bin drei jahre in elieser Schule und es tut mir leid, sie zu verlassen.

—Mary J. Bull, Grade XI.

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### UNE PROMENADE A BICYCLETTE

Un jour mon amie et moi, nous avons pensé que nous ferions une promenade à bicyclette. Ainsi un beau matin nous nous sommes levées de bonne heure et nous sommes partis. Après quelque temps nous sommes arrivées à une mauvaise route et ma bicyclette a glissé et je suis tombée.

"Oh," ai-je crié, "Les oeufs!" Le panier s'est renversé et les oeufs ont roulé au bas de la colline. Je les ai cherchés et ils étaient cassés, mais

cela ne nous faisait rien parce que nous avions du lard et des fruits et des petits pains.

Enfin nous sommes arrivées à notre destination, et Marie (mon amie) a cueilli du bois pour faire le feu pendant que je suis allée chercher de l'eau.

"Prenez garde!" Marie a dit. Mais à ce moment mon pied a glissé et je suis tombée dans le fleuve.

"Oh!" ai-je crié, "Mes habits sont tout à fait mouillés et les allumettes sont trempées aussi."

Nous sommes restées pendant deux heures, pendant que mes habits séchaient et nous avons décidé qu'il serait mieux de déjeuner avant de partir de la maison.

—Grace Clark, Grade X.

### MY DREAM

Every night when lights are out,  
Through the forest trees I scout;  
Looking through the clear dark night,  
To see the tigers come in sight;  
Then a twig is heard to break—  
And in my boots I start and quake,  
Then I hurl myself around,  
I see a tiger—on the ground,  
He springs at me! I leap at him.  
Then the world grows quickly dim;  
And in the night I'm heard to scream,  
I'm on the floor! It's all a dream.

—Shirley Johnstone, Grade VII.



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## LE PRINTEMPS

Je suis un petit oiseau. Je suis un oiseau jaune. Je m'appelle un canari, et j'habite dans une très petite maison dans les grands arbres.

Au printemps le soleil brille et les bourgeons des arbres sont verts. Je vois beaucoup de nuages blancs dans un ciel très bleu. Il fait très chaud. Je vois un petit jardin. Dans ce jardin il y a des cerisiers, des poiriers, et des pruniers, mais il n'y a pas de pommiers. Dans ce jardin aussi il y a beaucoup de belles roses et des rosiers. Quand les bourgeons des roses s'ouvrent, les roses sont très grandes. Il y a aussi des roses trémières, de grands coquelicots, et d'autres fleurs.

Au printemps les petites filles montent sur leurs bicyclettes et jouent à la balle. Elles sont très contents parce que le printemps est ici. Elles aiment le printemps. Moi aussi. —Hope Rutherford, Grade VIII.

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## REVENGE

What on earth is ailing the bell?  
It should have rung five minutes ago.  
I'm all ready to dash pell-mell  
As soon as it decides to go.  
Whoever rings it must be dead.  
But wait till I am in eleven.  
(Of me it probably will be said  
I ring it two jiffs early even).

—Janet Turnbull, Grade IX.

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## THE HUNT

It seems to me that my life from seven-fifteen until nine in the morning is one continual hunt.

At seven-fifteen I am awakened and informed that it is time for me to get up. Then the hunt begins. I hunt for the will to make myself leap out of bed and stick my face in cold water to finish the process of waking. After that I get dressed, considerable hunting is required before my clothes are on. First I rummage in my drawer for clean underwear and stockings. Then I must look around for my cuff-links. I search my brain to find out why in the world I didn't put my tie on my dressing table where it should have gone and where I had put it when I took it off. After lengthy searching around my room my brain having refused to give any information as to its whereabouts, I usually find that bothersome tie in the cupboard, under the bed or some other equally silly place. Next comes my tunic, the one article of dress which is usually in its proper place, being rather large to mislay. Then my belt, not usually where it should be but almost always in some inconspicuous place. I can then go downstairs to one thing I never have to look for—my breakfast.

Having finished my breakfast I must again go a hunting for my coat, beret, scarf, gloves and overshoes, hardly ever to be found where I think they are. Any homework books I have must also be found.

After walking down the street I start to look for my street car ticket and when I finally arrive at school, my locker key. And yet for all this teachers often wonder why some pupils cannot arrive on time!

—Margaret Aldous, Grade VIII.

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### LE VERGER

Le père de Marie et de Marguerite possède un verger. Marie et Marguerite aiment jouer et cueillir les fruits dans le verger. C'est charmant.

Un matin, Marie et Marguerite prennent leurs paniers avec elles au verger pour cueillir les fruits.

"Combien de pommes avez-vous cueilli?"

"J'ai cueilli six pommes et huit poires," dit Marguerite.

"Oh, là, là! j'ai renversé mes poires et mes pommes. Elles sont aplaties!"

La mère de Marie et de Marguerite vient au verger.

"Qu'avez-vous fait avec le fruit, Marguerite?"

"J'ai renversé les pommes et les poires, maman," dit-elle.

"Cela ne fait rien, mon petit, parce que ces pommes et ces poires-là sont de mauvaises pommes et poires," dit la mère.

Marguerite et Marie sont contentes.

—Nancy Morgan, Grade VIII.

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Parvus vir erat  
Catapultam habebat,  
Ex parva tela ferro facta sunt;  
Ad flumen tum ivit  
Ex anserem occidit  
Per parvo telo medium caput.

Quem domum tulit  
Ad Joanam, jussit  
Et eam magnam ignem facere  
Ad bene parendum,  
Quem ad flumen captum  
In ripis aquae ipse occiderat.

—Grade X. Latin Class.

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### UN PETIT OISEAU

Au printemps tous les petits oiseaux viennent du sud, au nord et nous qui demeurons dans un pays du nord, sommes très heureux de les voir.

Cette année un très petit oiseau commence à voler au nord. Il est heureux, et il veut chanter. Mais il sais qu'il peut chanter tout l'été et que maintenant, il faut qu'il vole vite, parce que il est si petit.

Après avoir volé pendant plusieurs heures, il devient fatigué, et il s'assied sur un arbre pour se reposer. Maintenant nous pouvons le regarder.



Comme j'ai dit, il est très petit. Il est brun, mais quand il chante, nous voyons du jaune et un peu de rouge sous le corps.

Pendant que nous le regardons, une autre le regarde aussi. Elle est toute seule, mais elle est fière. Nous ne la voyons pas, jusqu'à ce qu'elle chante. Notre petit oiseau brun regarde autour de l'arbre. Il la voit. Ils se regardent. Ah! son petit artifice a réussi!

—Mary Bull, Grade XI.

### DIE LORELEI

Der Lorelei-Felsen liegt an dem Ostufer des Rheines, zwischen Bingen und Coblenz. Dort ist die Luft kühl und der Rhein fliesst ruhig. Es wird gesagt, dass eine schöne Jungfrau auf dem Felsen sitze und ein Lied mit einer gewaltigen, traurigen Melodie singe. So lasse sie die Schiffer die Felsenriffe vergessen, sodass ihre Schiffe am Lorelei-Felsen zerschellen.

—Sally Coyne, Grade XI.

### NOEL

J'ai reçu beaucoup de présents à Noël. Ma soeur, ma mère et mon père aussi ont beaucoup de présents. J'ai reçu des mouchoirs, un phonographe, un kimono, des bas de soie, une bourse bleue—et beaucoup d'autres présents. Nous avons un grand dîner, du potage, du dindon, etc. Notre arbre de Noël est petit cette année. Mais nous avons un joyeux Noël. Et vous?

—Mary Jean Galvin, Grade VII.



ROBERTA LEE, THE HEAD GIRL WITH THE COUNCIL

D. McLean, M. Cave, J. Turnbull, B. R. Parton, I. Monson  
and Prefects D. Greelman, J. Nicholls, D. Young, M. E. McIntyre.

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**THOUGHTS OF A LATE RIVERBENDER**

As I look towards the river,  
Twilight comes stealing over ;  
The chime of bells floats through the mist,  
And I think of the year just past.  
The memories are clear and strong ;  
The long days of all the exams,  
The bright ones of picnics and parties  
And anxious times when our team  
Beat elevens and then were defeated,  
And exams were yet to come.  
Then night drops her curtain of stars  
And I wake from my reverie.

—Helen Leonard, Grade X.

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**THOUGHTS ON WHISTLING**

I wonder why it is that people so universally enjoy whistling? Everyone seems to find a peculiar pleasure in puckering up their mouths and emitting long howling noises. Whistling signifies peace of mind and happiness ; nobody whistles who is feeling downcast.

Somehow this sort of entertainment is much better than singing. If you walk a long way, at first you can sing like a lark or a crow, but after a while this becomes too tiresome and you will break into a whistle.

As in other things, there are many kinds of whistles ; boys when they are out fishing have the most happy carefree whistles in the world—although the tune is nameless and wandering, it is full of the joy of being a young boy. The older a man grows the better he whistles but the less feeling he puts into doing it.

Whistling is an art. Advanced vaudeville men, and nature lovers, often become very efficient in this art. They can imitate the calls of many birds and it is beautiful to hear these sounds, so exact a reproduction of the original. I, myself, have found it very hard to whistle. I have tried in vain for many years to pour forth a rich volume of sound but up to this day I have only succeeded in producing a very faint and uncertain noise.

—Muriel Beth Gourley, Grade XI.

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**AU BORD DE LA MER**

Au bord de la mer nous avons des heures joyeuses. Le matin nous nous levons à sept heures et nageons sur l'île de Troyes. Nous avons le déjeuner et nous nous promenons après le déjeuner. Il y a ma mère, mon père, mes deux frères, et la bonne. Nous avons une maison sur la falaise avec la mer au-dessous. Il y a quatre pièces sur le premier étage ; et sur le deuxième étage il y a cinq pièces. Nos costumes de bain sont noirs, blancs, bleus, verts et rouges. Nos amis demeurent dans la maison à côté.

Il y a une route du village au bord de la mer autour de la montagne. Je pense que nous avons une jolie vue de notre maison. Je pense que si vous étiez ici vous l'aimeriez aussi. Voulez-vous venir me rendre visite quelquefois?

—Gwen Ramsay, Grade VII.

## ERROR

### CHARACTERS

*Marcus*—Accused thief.

*Lucius*—Marcus' friend.

*Little Boy*—The son of Marcus' master.

(*Marcus is standing by the gate looking very downcast. Lucius, who happens to be passing, looks up and sees Marcus*).

*Lucius*: "Ave Marce."

*Marcus* (dejectedly): "Ave Luci."

*Lucius*: "Visus es miser."

*Marcus*: "Eheu! sum miser."

*Lucius*: "Cur miser es?"

*Marcus*: "Meus dominus inquit, 'Unum gladium rapuisti'."

*Lucius*: "Num gladium rapuisti?"

*Marcus*: "Gladium non rapui, sed in aedificio non est."

*Lucius*: "Domini parvum filium in agro gladio vidi."

*Marcus* (excitedly): "Est-ne aureus?"

*Lucius*: "Magnus aureus est. Hic parvus puer venit. (*Enter boy*). Puer."

*Marcus* (to boy): "Portavisti-ne gladium ad agrum?"

*Little Boy*: "Gladium? In agro est."

*Marcus and Lucius* (to boy): "Veni! Eo adeamus!"

(*Omnes exeunt*).

—Hope Rutherford, Grade VIII.

## MARCHING SONG

Bring the comb and play upon it!

Marching, here we come!

Carla cocks her highland bonnet

Jerry beats the drum.

Mademoiselle commands the party,

Libby leads the rear.

All the others, hale and hearty,

March on with a cheer.

Dimples, ever bright and cheery,

Peggy, laughing too,

Betty Dailley, never weary,

Shouts the orders through.

Dorothea, hair all neatly  
Pinned in place, is here.  
Jena, always smiling sweetly—  
And Helen, the gossipier.

Grace, our little airy fairy,  
On feet so light doth go—  
Betty Neal, face all merry,  
Wanders slowly to and fro.

So we now parade before you,  
Grade ten one and all.  
Let's hope in leaping to Grade eleven,  
Not one of us shall fall!

—The President.

With apologies to the original "Marching Song."

---

Erat anicula quae sub colle habitabat  
Nisi discessit, ibi etiam habitat.

Parvus caeruleus veni et cornu infle  
Sunt oves in prato et vaccae in segete;  
Ubi est parvus qui plerumque servat oves  
Sternitur sub farni acervo imo somne quiete.

With apologies to the original.

—Grade XI. Latin Class.

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## A TRIP TO THE ZOO

The London Zoo! How glamorous and exciting it is, especially to young children. The tigers slinking noiselessly about in their iron-bound cages, the roar of the hungry lion, the piercing laugh of the little hyena, and the human-like tricks of the monkeys, bring the thrills of an African jungle close to hand.

To Peter in particular all this would be thrilling because it was new. He had only been in London a very little while and they had nothing like a zoo in Canada. His mother had promised to take him as soon as she found time, but there were so many other things to do.

Finally Peter went himself. How marvellous it was to move close to the cages and poke peanuts at the monkeys without any detaining hands, or to watch the elephants spraying their backs with their long trunks.

But it was getting dark now so perhaps he had better go home. Of course there would be a scolding when his mother found he had gone alone, but still—that was that!

Peter heard a terrible roar and turning, he saw, coming straight towards him, a great tawny lion. He felt his heart pounding strangely. He



tried to scream, his lips were paralyzed, he tried to move but his legs refused to budge.

Closer and closer the lion came—Peter could see its green eyes glittering, its muscles were taut, its claws quivering—now it was crouched ready to spring.

He stood as if turned to stone. A moment. Peter woke suddenly. Now he would wait to go with his mother.

—Audrey Ross, Grade XI.

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### LA RIVIERE

Entre les montagnes la rivière coule comme un ruban d'argent. Les montagnes sont noires et le ciel derrière elles est rose. Tout est tranquille et de petits bateaux vont sur l'eau. Les bateaux ont de petites voiles; quelqu'unes sont blanches et d'autres sont jaunes ou rouges. Il fait clair de lune sur ces petits bateaux et les hommes retournent à leurs maisons après avoir pêché toute la journée. Sur la rive des femmes et des enfants les attendent. Les vaches marchent dans l'eau et se reposent après la journée chaude.

Partout les oiseaux et les petits animaux se couchent et lentement le monde devient tranquille. Mais la rivière continue à couler.

—Muriel Beth Gourley, Grade XI.



## REPORTS



### THE TRACK MEET

The Track Meet for both the seniors and juniors was held in the school grounds on October the seventh. It was a cold, dreary day, but nevertheless, everything went well.

Connie Ramsay, Grade IX., won the Senior Running Broad Jump, at 11 feet 8 inches. Eleanor Flett, Grade IX., and Grace Sellers, Grade XI., came second and third, with 11 feet, 7 inches, and 11 feet.

In the Senior Standing Broad Jump, Susan Thomas, Grade IX., did very well. She came first with a jump of 7 feet. Muriel Beth Gourley, Grade XI., came second, having reached 6 feet, 9 inches; Alison Warner, Grade IX., came third with 6 feet, 4 inches.

A very interesting event was the Senior Archery Contest. This was won by Katherine Hall, Grade VIII., who made 20 points. Elspeth Wilson, Grade IX., made 19 points. Roberta Lee, Grade XII., came third, with 10 points.

The results of the Senior 50 Yard Dash are as follows: first, Connie Ramsay, Grade IX.; second, Grace Clark, Grade X.; third, Hope Rutherford, Grade VIII.

Shelagh Cooney, Grade XI., won the Senior Ball Throw. Betty Dailley, Grade X., and Eleanor Flett, Grade IX., came second and third.

The Senior High Jump was a close competition between Audrey Ross, and Inas George. Audrey finally won, with a jump of 4 feet, 6 inches. Inas jumped 4 feet, 5½ inches. Betty Dailley came third.

Grade X. won the Senior Relay Race and Grade IX. came second.

In the Junior Running Broad Jump, Gladys Cotterell, Grade VII., did 12 feet, 1 inch; Marion Haig, Grade VII., 11 feet; Barbara Sellers, Grade VI., 10 feet, 6 inches.

The Junior Standing Broad Jump was won by Marion Haig, Grade VII., who did 6 feet. Barbara Sellers, Grade VI., ran a close second. She jumped 5 feet, 8 inches. Gladys Cotterell, Grade VII., came third with 5 feet.

The Junior High Jump was won by Ruth Wood, and Gwen Ramsay, who tied with 3 feet, 9 inches. Marion Haig came second with 3 feet, 8 inches.

Gladys Cotterell, Grade VII., won the Junior 50 Yard Dash; Marion Haig and Ruth Wood came second and third.

In the relay Grade VII. was successful; Grades V. and VI. came second and third.

The Intermediate 25 Yard Dash was won by Marguerite MacDonald; Mary Harris came second and Nancy Riley third.

Gloria Montgomery won the Primary 25 Yard Dash, and Lorna Aikins came second. Helen Rankin came third.

The Senior Cup was presented by Miss Foster to Connie Ramsay, the Sports-Captain of Grade IX. Grade VII. won the Junior Cup. It was presented to Marion Haig, as the Sports-Captain of that Grade.

—Alison Warner, Grade IX.,  
and Mary Elizabeth McIntyre, Grade XI.

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## BASKETBALL

After a hard fought series of inter-form games, Grades X. and XI. emerged victors in the semi-finals. Once more would these two forms battle for the basketball supremacy of Riverbend.

The first game of the finals was played early in April, and resulted in a lead of six points for Grade XI. Not at all daunted by Grade XI.'s victory, in the second game the Grade X. team "turned the tables," and made 36 points to Grade XI.'s 24. In this game the speed and team-work of Grade X. was excellent.

Friday, the 29th arrived and in the school one fact predominated—that on this day was to be played the final basketball game for the school championship.

In the presence of Miss Foster, the Alumnae of Riverbend, mistresses and other interested spectators, the final chapter of many struggles was about to be written. Each player had that "do or die look" and if looks could win a game, both sides deserved the victory. The whistle blew! The ball was thrown—but oh, if Grade X. had only known!

In the first period both teams played an excellent defensive game, thereby holding the count down 6 to 1, in favor of Grade XI. Grade XI.'s three baskets were evenly divided while Grade X's sole count was the result of a well-aimed free shot by Carla Lehmann.

Audrey Ross's steady play gained three more baskets for Grade XI. in the middle session. Grade X. failed to show their accustomed form in this period, and had to be content with one basket. Score 12-3 for Grade XI.

During the third period both teams did their utmost, but in their over-eagerness many scoring opportunities were missed by both sides. To the onlooker the outcome of the game was never very doubtful. When the whistle blew the score was 16-5 and the Grade XI. team retained the coveted trophy for another year.

We offer our sincere thanks to Miss Cussans of Daniel McIntyre High School and Miss Holden for coming to referee for us.

The teams were—Grade XI.: Jump, Audrey Ross, Muriel Beth Gourley; centre, Dorothy Creelman; forward, Mary Elizabeth McIntyre, Shelagh Cooney, Dorothy Young; defense, Roberta Lee, Grace Sellers. Grade X.: Jump, Betty Dailley; centre, "Dime" Aikens; forward, Carla Lehmann, Grace Clark; defense, Peggy Carlisle, Jean Morse.

—Dorothy Creelman, Grade XI.

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### THE LIBRARY CLUB

The Club this year, supported by the entire XI.'s and XII.'s, has had some very good meetings. The first one was chiefly social and concerned with nominations for a President. Mary Walston was elected.

We began the season with an afternoon party for the Senior School; its purpose was to make money, by fish-ponds, fortune-telling and so on, for the library. We bought eight books with the takings.

At the next two meetings we read James Montgomery's comedy, "Nothing but the Truth," and discovered who were the promising actresses for the year. Since the production of the three one-act plays (reported elsewhere), which we undertook with Grade X., we have only been able to meet twice. Our last play is Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest."

We hope that the oncoming generations of Grades XI. and XII. will follow our happy footsteps to the drawing room at four o'clock on alternate Fridays.

—Mary Walston, Grade XI.

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### LE CLUB FRANCAIS

Si par hasard vous vous trouviez à Riverbend un vendredi quand nous avions le club français je vous assure que vous verriez des choses extraordinaires.

Cette année nous ne sommes pas moins intéressés qu' avant. A la première reunion nous avons d'abord choisi les officiers. Nous avons élu Mary Elizabeth McIntyre comme présidente, Carla Lehmann comme vice-présidente et Muriel Beth Gourley comme secrétaire. Mais les elections n'ont pas pris beaucoup de temps et l'ouvrage fini, le club a commencé de bonne foi.

Le grade IV. a contribué une pièce, et la grade XI. a joué Hansel et Gretel, mais pour l'événement suprême Marguerite McDonald du grade III. a chanté: "Au Clair de la Lune."

Un autre vendredi le grade X. a présenté une pièce intitulée "Swift et le Domestique," et le grade VI. a fait "Le Professeur de Phonetiques," avec Sally Coyne dans le rôle du professeur. Quelquefois des enfants récitent des poèmes, Mary Elizabeth McIntyre nous a récité avec beaucoup d'esprit le poème "A Hélène," par Ronsard et Hélène Leonard aussi a récité le "Petit Poème."

Nous attendons avec joie la prochaine assemblée quand le grade XI. jouera un acte de la comédie, "La Poudre aux Yeux." Nous espérons que ce sera un grand succès.

—Charlotte Purdy, Grade XI.

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### SWIMMING

The swimming activities of the year were indicated on February 10th, when all Riverbend appeared as competitors or onlookers at the Y.W.C.A.



The first event was a Junior Race, in which Marguerite MacDonald was the winner. The Junior School record for the 25 yard dash was won by Barbara Newcombe.

A team composed of Frances Aikins, Marnie Austin and Elspeth Wilson, gave a splendid display of nautical manoeuvres.

The Play Time and Medley Races, a group arranged for the Juniors, was most fascinating to watch.

The last item was a diving exhibition by Frances, Marnie, Carla Lehmann and Elspeth. After the events on the programme and the presentation of the cups by Miss Foster, anyone who wished could go for a swim.

We are all looking forward to the swimming during the hot weather and we hope there will be continued enthusiasm for this sport.

—Iva Monson, Grade XII.

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## GYMNASTICS AND DANCING

This spring we not only had an "open day" for parents to come and see what is done in the class rooms, but we also had an "open night" so that they could see what was being done in the gymnasium.

The classes were divided into two main divisions, gymnastic and dancing, and in each case started with the junior school and worked up to the senior.

The first item on the programme by Grades I., II. and III., was "Jack the Giant Killer." The story was told aloud and the children acted it; one half were "Jacks," and the other half "Giants." This was entertaining and gave a clear idea of what the children do everyday in classes.

Grades VII., VIII. and IX. contributed "Rythmical Exercises," and Grades IV., V. and VI. played some relay games which proved very exciting for everyone concerned. Grades IX., X. and XI. found they were very popular for keeping their line straight during the "Figure Marching."

By our dancing we tried to show that we could be graceful as well as athletic. Grades I., II. and III. danced "The Daisy Chain," in which they picked daisies and made chains of them. A "Partner Dance," by Grades IV., V. and VI. was an old fashioned minuet, and the "Rose Dance," by VII. and VIII. was a slow and beautiful dance representing the opening of a rose-bud. Grade X. did a buoyantly happy "Clown Dance." Grade XI.'s share of the programme was "Dancing Exercises." Then followed the "Happy Hours Dance," by Grade IX.

To close the evening Dorothy Moxon presented Miss McKibbon with flowers as a sign of our appreciation and affection.

—Charlotte Purdy, Grade XI.



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### GLEE CLUB

The Glee Club is divided into two sections, the Juniors and Seniors. In October both sections began to practise an interesting group of songs.

The Glee Club did not take part in the Christmas Concert this year but immediately after returning from the holidays the Festival music was begun.

This year Riverbend had four entries. The Juniors sang "Horo, My Nut Brown Maiden," and "Irish Lullaby." The adjudicator commended them but gave first place to Rupert's Land College. He was particularly encouraging to Grades VIII. and IX. for their action song, "The Cockle-gatherers," a Hebridean folk song. The Senior Glee Club sang two songs, "A Lake and a Fairy Boat," and "Gossip Joan." They did well but were unable to recover the Chief Justice Wallbridge shield from Rupert's Land.

The Glee Clubs are now rehearsing for June; last year's "Pippa's Song," is to be sung again by request.

We have enjoyed having Helen Richardson, an old girl, as accompanist this year.

—Roberta Lee and Muriel Beth Gourley.

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### THE CHRISTMAS CONCERT

Just before the Christmas holidays we gave a concert.

Grades IV. to VII. sang and acted "The King's Breakfast" and "Vespers," from "When We Were Very Young."

Grades I. to III. dressed in gay pyjamas, sang us some lovely little bed-time songs.

Grade X. presented themselves as old-time carollers and sang some rollicking carols by the light of a lantern.

We specially enjoyed seeing into a French home as portrayed by Grade VIII. under the direction of Mrs. Laing.

—Betty Ray Parton, Grade X.

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### PLAYS

There was such a secret silence in the school for two weeks. We saw some girls from X., XI. and XII. appearing at mysterious times, others quickly hiding bundles. What is going on, we asked each other. But no one knew.

Then one day it was announced in Prayers, that Grades X., XI. and XII. were going to entertain us by giving three plays. The parents of the girls taking part were to be invited.

That night, Friday, February 28th, when all was over, we had much to talk about. Everyone was perfectly delighted with the plays we had seen. The first was called "The Death of Pierrot," by Mr. Green. Pierrot was well played by Mary Bull; Grace Clark played the part of Columbine and danced very prettily. Harlequin was Mary Jane Austin. Carla Lehmann was a School Inspector and Betty Ray Parton his terrible wife.

The next play was to me the most impressive play of all because its idea was most common to everyday life with its funniness and sorrow. Its title was "Thirty Minutes in a Street." "Coincidence" was the last play of the evening. All the parts were very well played especially Peggy Carlisle's and Frances Aikins'.

—Grace McCurdy, Grade IX.

### THE HISTORY COMPETITION

In view of the highly pleasing results of last year's history competition, it was decided to hold another. There were many entries, especially in the model and the doll divisions, and all the work was beautifully done.

Shelagh and Doreen McFayden built an elaborate model of a French Canadian home. It was complete to the smallest detail, from the old spinning-wheel to the tiny patch-work quilts that could be seen through the half-shut bedroom doors. An old English living room was sent in by Agnes Richardson and Barbara Sellers and Winifred Davidson did a clay model of a temple. The last two won credits for Grade VI.

In the story and poem sections there were many interesting entries. Morna Kenny wrote a poem and a story of General Brock and Agnes Richardson told of Laura Secord in poetry. Gladys Cotterell, of Grade VII., attempted a play about the Saxons.

The dolls were lovely. Two dear little French Canadian children were dressed by Shelagh and Doreen McFayden and Iris Norman dressed a little Indian Doll in its native costume. The drawings were good too. Winifred Davidson won first place with a sketch of the first parliament buildings, and Lydia Klein came second with her drawing of Upper Fort Garry.

Grade VIII. won their points with three tableaux, a new section in the competition. First place was given to Sir Walter Raleigh (M. McCurdy) placing his cloak on the ground for Queen Elizabeth (K. Hall) to walk upon. "When Victoria received news that she was Queen," and the styles of five generations—from great-great-grandmother to a modern girl—gained the remaining credits in this class for Grade VIII. Isobel Hutchison, of this grade, also deserves mention for her splendid work in securing snapshots of historical places in or near Winnipeg.

Altogether the entries were exceptionally good and we look forward to another competition next year. After careful consideration the judges finally awarded first place to Grade VI., followed closely by Grades V. and VIII. The results are as follows:—

#### *Models—*

1. Doreen and Shelagh McFayden.
2. Barbara Sellers and Agnes Richardson.
3. Winifred Davidson.

#### *Drawings—*

1. Winifred Davidson.
2. Lydia Klein.
3. Agnes Richardson, Pat Murray.

*Stories—*

1. Morna Kenny.
2. Lydia Klein.

*Dolls—*

1. Shelagh and Doreen McFayden.
2. Iris Norman.
3. Agnes Richardson.

*Tableaux—*

1. M. McCurdy, K. Hall.
2. M. Cave, M. Aldous, B. MacKay, K. Walton.
3. B. Plews, M. Cave, M. Aldous, M. McCurdy, K. Hall.

*Poems—*

1. Agnes Richardson.
2. Morna Kenny.

—Jane Nicholls, Grade XI.

### VISITORS TO RIVERBEND

Several times during this winter the senior school has gathered together in the grey house to listen to interesting people, invited by Miss Young, speak to us about many present-day topics.

We have been given an interesting knowledge of the lawyer's profession by Miss McMurray; Miss Haig described a journalistic career, and Mrs. Herklots painted the life of the Rumanian peasants, closely linked with the land. Mrs. Herklots brought with her several typically beautiful garments exquisitely embroidered and beautifully beaded, the work of Rumanian women.

With Miss Owen we held a discussion of international conditions, and the work of the Student Christian Movement in trying to improve them. Mr. McMillan told us of life in Formosa, with the mixture of races, Chinese, Japanese and English in its busy streets.

Dr. Thomas, of Toronto, though he drastically changed our ideas of present social conditions, aroused in us a desire to put back into life what we have taken out of it. We have had many class discussions over the truth of his conviction.

We feel that we owe our sincere thanks to Miss Young for these greatly enjoyed discussions, and we hope it will be possible to continue them next year.

—Peggy Carlisle and Carla Lehmann, Grade X.

### RIDING

I go riding from the Stradbrook Stables every Wednesday. The horses are quiet and I hope the sunny weather will continue so that the roads will be in better condition.

I started to ride last fall, but the school did not continue through the winter owing to the cold. A few weeks ago we started again.

It is too bad there are not more people riding, but the seniors I suppose cannot get out as often as I can. We go across country, and when we get on good mud roads, we trot for a little while.

It was a pity Tommy's horse, Cerebos, did not do better in the rodeo, because he can jump over seven feet; he had been jumping quite steadily throughout the week, so I guess he was a bit tired.

—Morna Kenny, Grade VI.

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### THE BAND VISITS RIVERBEND

One April day we learnt that we were to have the pleasure of hearing the Princess Pat's band. So at two o'clock we all assembled in the gym and were introduced to our entertainers.

Before each of the special instruments were played, Mr. Wallace of the School Board and Capt. James explained them to us.

The most amusing part of the programme was when the drummer sang and acted the "King's Horses." We also had a solo from the player of the bassoon. We had other duets and solos, all of which were very interesting.

Before we heard the band, I think we were rather doubtful how we could sit for an hour or so, just listening to music. But when we had heard it we found we could have listened longer still.

Altogether it was a very enjoyable hour and we are grateful to whoever arranged it for us.

—Edith Haig, Grade IX.

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### RIVERBEND ALUMNAE

A spring rain was beginning to fall as a party of Riverbend "old girls" met at the school gate on the afternoon of April 29th, in response to an invitation from Miss Foster to have tea with her and talk over plans for forming an Alumnae organization. Margaret Evans acted as chairman with Miss Foster as Honorary President; after some exciting voting we found that Jean MacPherson was our President and Jean McLean our Secretary. It was agreed that Alumnae meetings be held once a month. A basketball team is being arranged.

After tea we compared notes as to what our old school friends are doing. We learnt with sorrow of the death, while in training at the General Hospital, of Jean Robertson, who was in Grade XII. the first year at Riverbend. Kathleen Corke and Margaret MacDonald are now in training there and Dorothy McGavin at the St. Boniface Hospital. We have heard from Weneen MacDonald in Regina that she intends to begin training next year.

A large number of the girls are attending University; Dorothy Ross, Jean MacPherson and Jean McLean are now in their second year and Elsa Lehmann, Pat Blair and McHattie in their first.

Evelyn Hay, Dorothy Cooper, Beth Kennedy, Jean Laing and Vere Mason are at Wesley; Marian McLeod and Betty Crawford are at the



Agricultural College. Margaret Brown will enter a Pharmacy Course next year but is at present helping her father.

Dorothy Goulter is going to Virden High School and Muriel Neilson is at Kelvin. Dorothy's sister, Lilian, is taking singing lessons in the city. Muriel Scott goes to the Success Business College and Mary McLean is at Normal this year. Some of our girls, Margaret Evans, Isobel Hill and Kathleen Young stay at home.

—Jean MacPherson.

### In Memoriam

JEAN ROBERTSON, November, 1931.

### BOARDERS' NOTES

"Friday Night" to the boarders, is a refreshing occasion, for it not only means "no study" but many varied and interesting escapades. The first Friday night after coming back in September, was spent in "becoming acquainted." We soon felt rather like a family and very joyfully we welcomed several of the day girls to our midst. Their visits, however, were all too short.

The first few Friday nights we played baseball and badminton. Then one night Miss Lee announced that the Little Theatre players were giving "The Farmer's Wife" and would we like to see it? Can you guess the answer? We enjoyed the play very much. The Little Theatre also gave us two other delightful evenings when we saw "Othello" and "Among the Maples."

Plays seem to be our hobby and we have added many lovely ones to our memory: "The Barrett's of Wimpole Street" and "She Stoops to Conquer" by the Barrie Jackson Company; "Professor Tim," by the Abbey Players, and "The Bells," by Sir John Martin Harvey. Finally we saw "Twelfth Night" thrillingly played by the Shakespearean Company. Another evening we ourselves were the actresses.

We looked forward eagerly to the Celebrity Concerts and we especially remember Spalding, Madame Onegin and Horowitz.

And now the long evenings have come we shall be having picnic suppers on the lawn, and excursions for golf or tennis, on our "Friday Nights." All days are not Fridays but our work and thought is colored through the week by their happiness. We want new-comers to the boarding school to know that we welcome them to "our" desks and rooms; though all we Grade XI's must leave this summer we will keep our thousand gay and serious memories of the days spent here. We have made customs and traditions that will go with us, but we hope the new ones will begin where we left off.

—Dorothy Young, Grade XI.





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